Just the Two of Us (Mommy & Me) by brokenpromisesandhope

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Two neighbors show up at Nancy's door and turn her world upside down.

Just the Two of Us (Mommy & Me)

Author's Note:

> FAM. This is my body positivity mama Nancy fic. Let's all cry together. Listen fam. NANCY IS FAT. Y'all will not take this away from me. Also this got depressing as SHIT in the middle.
> ALSO if you want MORE I plan on doing like one shots for this verse and I will take requests, otherwise please comment, I'd cry.
> Warnings at the end.
> xx
> T

It was Nancy‘s 30th birthday. When she imagined this day, even five years ago she thought it would be totally different. Not that she fantasized about her thirtieth birthday often, because that was fucking depressing, but still. Here she was single mother, divorced, no romantic prospects, making a birthday cake at 8 AM. Her daughter Everly had woken her up early for her birthday. As much is Nancy loved her daughter, she loved sleep just a bit more. Especially on her birthday, however any holiday celebrated with a five year old was taken a bit more seriously than necessary.

Nancy tried to live her life deliberately, she learned a lot in her 30 years of life. But nobody taught her how to do this. She done everything right. Went to college, met a guy, bought a house, got married, had a kid. She’d followed all the rules in the book. But that didn’t help. Life was mean, and unfair and cruel. And perfect little Nancy Wheeler had not lasted very long in the real world.

Here she was just her and her daughter, living in a townhouse that was nearly double what her mortgage had been, and working somewhere that didn’t require her college degree. She made good money, she was a receptionist at Everly’s school, and got free daycare for her, before and after school. She was still making payments on her Toyota Camry, and owned her three story, three bedroom townhome. They weren’t living lavishly or anything, but Nancy never worried that her bills wouldn’t be paid on time, and that was enough

for her. Well, not really, but it was a start.

Nancy tried hard not to be resentful. It was hard. Mark had been the perfect guy, he came from a good home, he was religious, he did everything that Nancy thought she would want. Until she got pregnant.

It was at her second doctor's appointment that the doctor told her that her baby was too small. She had to put on weight or it would be a very long, hard and dangerous pregnancy. With her mom, ballet, and low self-esteem, Nancy had never weighed more than 115 pounds in her entire life.

However, she understood the risk and tried. She switched out low fat for full fat, used actual butter on her toast for the first time in years. They eat out, she ate dessert, she used protein supplements for extra calories. And by her six month check up, she gained 40 pounds. By the end of her pregnancy she had gained 60.

At first Mark wasn't too concerned, but then four months passed, then six and then a year. And Nancy still weighed the same. Of course the weight wasn't all in her stomach, like it had been when she was pregnant. It distributed across her thighs, breasts, her ass and her arms. Her hips were no longer pointy, her thighs touched and jiggled when she walked,and her ass actually looked nice in her jeans for once. She had stretch marks from both her pregnancy and weight gain.

It didn't matter that she was happier, that she wasn't constantly counting calories in her head. That she didn't always order a salad at a restaurant unless that's what she really wanted. It didn't matter that she'd drink beer with him on game days, or cook his favorite meals and actually eat them with him. It only mattered that she wasn't her tiny, hundred pound self.

The worst part was that Nancy couldn't even really blame him. They met in college and she was small, delicate, breakable. A dancer, with a petite body and no matter how many late night apps they had together she never seemed to gain any weight. Although he never knew why. And honestly, he probably never even thought twice about it. Not the way Nancy did. Obsessing over everything she

consumed, every calorie she burned, every quarter of a pound her weight went up. Everything she did to get it to go back down.

So when Nancy stays the same, content in buying size 12 jeans and size large tops, it confuses him. He beats around the bush, offers to go to the gym with her, doesn't buy ice cream for three weeks, doesn't touch her for two months, but never says.

He doesn't say until a week after Everly's first birthday, when Nancy comes into the bedroom in a brand new red corset and matching lace underwear. He doesn't laugh at her, but perhaps laughing would've been better.

He looks at her, barely, then looks away mumbling some excuse about how he's not in the mood. When she questioned him he got defensive, finally throwing up his hands. He gestures to her, her thick thighs, her round stomach, and says it straight up. He's not attracted to her. She's too fat. She's disgusting. She looks like she has no self-control.

Mark has no idea about Nancy self-control, how she controlled herself her entire life. Eating nothing but carrots, juicing fads, eating so much she thought she might explode than cramming her fingers down her throat to throw it all up. Drinking one protein shake a day. Exercising so hard she nearly passed out. Consuming nothing but water for 72 hours before recital.

So Nancy lets him go. By the end of the month, all his stuff is out of the house and they have a court date to get divorced. During that month Mark doesn't see Evie, doesn't even message her to ask about her, just about insurance policies and prenups, and is she gonna fight him for money. She doesn't want anything, and so they sit in court, and when the issue of custody is brought up, Mark says nothing, and the judge orders him to pay $500 a month, and that's the end of that. Nancy gives him back his ring, because it was his Grandmother's and goes to hug her. She pulls away, not because she's hurt about the way he'd treated her, though of course she still is, but the indifference he'd shown their daughter. He doesn't seem to get it though, and that was the last time she'd seen him. Four years ago.

It's not that it's not hard, it's not that she doesn't cry, it's not that she

doesn't sit it on her knees, in front of the toilet, and ram her fingers down her throat again and again, because everyone knows that old habits die hard. When she looks into her daughter's beautiful, blue eyes, she can't help but make a promise to herself and Everly, that she will never feel this way.

So yes, she's turning 30 today. She's in her kitchen, in a T-shirt and underwear, her messy hair pulled up in a scrunchie, with her five-year-old sitting on the counter so they can make a chocolate cake. She never talks about weight, with Everly. If she's changing and Everly sees her struggle to get into a pair of jeans, she says that the shrinking monsters must've come in and gotten a hold of her clothes.

She's not unhealthy, she cooks a protein and vegetables. They always have fresh fruit in the house. They go on a walk every day, to the park mostly, but sometimes the beach if Everly promises to be especially good. But she also makes cookies, and lets her daughter eat chips and fruit snacks and pudding cups and all that shit that kids are supposed to eat. And she eats it with her.

They eat out, they order pizza every Friday night. And Nancy walks around, like she loves her body. She never says anything negative about herself, though she nearly chews her tongue off, doing so. She eats fruit snacks with Evie while they watch cartoons, she eats PBJs. She eats the leftover food off Everly's plate, even though she's already eaten. They make cookies or go out for ice cream. She mirrors Evie's grimace when they eat carrots, but she shows her how to make salads. That they have to eat fruits and veggies. They make overnight oats, or eat huge slices of watermelon for dinner. They share cans of soda and eat buttery popcorn during movie nights, and apple slices with lunch.

Nancy balances, she does. For every greasy slice of pizza, there's peas and carrots, but the point is to not demonize any food as bad or as good. To run around until they're out of breath or dance until their feet hurt. To swim until they can't move, to try different smoothie flavors and milkshakes. Make fresh fruit salad. Only talk positively. Nancy doesn't say words like fat, oversized, etc. She doesn't own a scale. Her weight has stabilized in the last couple years, so she doesn't worry about that, and she doesn't worry about Evie's size either, though she thinks she looks a good weight for her age and the

doctor's never complained.

It's an everyday job. Much like being a single parent. Mark never fought for custody and Nancy isn't even sure if Evie remembers him. She sure doesn't ask. They do pretty good. She's currently saving to take Evie to Disney World for her birthday, and they have a Mommy and Me day every Sunday. She treats her daughter like a princess, and is extremely cautious of every thing she does, because she cannot be Karen Wheeler number two. And she won't.

Not everything is her mom's fault. Again, the world is cruel. People hurt you because they can. Manipulate you. Do things they shouldn't. Take things they shouldn't. Her mother was raised in a different time. Where girls had to be thin, and pretty and blonde and quiet. So Nancy was raised to be all those things. Especially quiet. Especially when she hurt. Always when she hurt. Especially when she was hurt at the hands of men who were supposed to love her. Protect her. But who can stop the monsters living in your own house?

It's not like her mother necessarily started her eating disorder. It's just that the constant dieting starting at childhood, developed into an obsession with the scale and an obsession with calories. Nancy was good at math, but girls weren't good at math, so she'd count calories in her head. Add and subtract and divide, and calculate the exact amount she could eat.

And her mother bleached her hair and bought her expensive makeup and clothing that somehow sexualized her but weren't slutty, and showed her how to cook and clean and listen to men and seem interested in what they were saying. To curve lipstick covered lips into a smile, even when they were insulting and to say thank you to every lewd comment that left their lips. Because that's what women did.

And look what that fucking got her, a divorce. So she didn't do it. She wouldn't do it. She read books, and listened to podcasts. Learned what feminism was. Learned what intersectional feminism was. Wrote in a journal all the things she hated about men. Scowled at every man in the grocery store so they didn't dare talk to her. Not that they were looking at her, especially how big she was, and no makeup on.

Of course Nancy wanted more. She does. And it sucks, just like life does. She won't pretend there's times she doesn't know what to do. There's times that her and Evie scream at each other and both storm away, slamming their doors in each other's face. There's nights where she drinks an entire bottle of wine in her bathtub at two am, crying for all the people she should have become. All the things that she was promised in her life, that were taken away from her.

She was bitter, she was. And she was allowed to be bitter, from the hours of nine pm to seven am when she wasn't trying to be the best mom in the world. She took all her years of self hatred and picked at them, like an old wound she would not fucking let scab over. It's probably the reason she hasn't dated. The reason she drunkenly pinches the fat of her stomach so hard she leaves tiny fingerprint shaped bruises.

She wishes she could be skinny again, she does. Because then it was easier. Only because she'd get hit on, everywhere. She thought it was annoying but now she misses it. She misses sex. She misses being in love. She does. And if she's learned anything, it seems to be that if you're not skinny, no one will ever love you. She wishes she were perfectly intent to just be a mom the rest of her life. Dedicate her entire life to Everly. And she wants to, she does. But who's going to be there to take care of her? Kiss her wounds?

So she cries, she does. She gets drunk and stumbles into bed and cries some more and then by the time that Everly is crawling into her bed, or her alarm is blaring, she's awake, and through her eyes may be swollen, it's time to be a parent again, and she's got to get it together.

So yes, she's thirty years old and she doesn't really have any plans. She wishes that maybe she'd be able to go out, do her hair and makeup and wear something cute, but she's not going to. Her mom had invited her out to dinner, Max and El were going and she'd told Evie they could go to lunch, but she may swap that out for a pity party of eating the entire cake in front of the tv, she was unsure.

Nancy's busy pouring the chocolate cake batter into the pan, when the doorbell rings. She raises an eyebrow curiously, trying to finish scraping out the batter quickly, when Evie dashes off to the door.

“Everly don’t you-!” She shouts.

But all of a sudden the door is open, and Nancy can hear voices. She drops the bowl into the sink and all but runs to the door. She really doesn’t know her neighbors that well and Everly knows better. She stops in front of the door. There’s two men standing there, probably her age, maybe a bit younger.

One is short, with ridiculously voluminous hair, a curl falling into his face. He has brown eyes and a bit of scruff on his cheeks. He’s wearing a t-shirt and jeans, and holding a tinfoil covered plate. The other is taller, with a short haircut, soft brown eyes and he’s wearing a flannel button down and jeans, hands shoved in his pockets, looking a bit sheepish. They’re both extremely attractive and Nancy is all of a sudden very aware that she’s wearing an oversized t-shirt and underwear, her jiggly, cellulite thighs on display, as well as her thick arms. She crosses her arms over her chest to try to hide the fact she doesn’t have a bra on,

“Everly, go upstairs and get my robe,” she snaps down at her daughter.

“But mama,”

“Go, now!” She snaps again, looking down at Everly.

Everly nods, knowing she’s in big trouble and runs towards the stairs,

“Hello,” says Nancy, finally looking at the strangers at her door.

“Sorry to intrude, um, I’m Steve, this is my partner Jonathan and we just moved in next door. We wanted to come introduce ourselves,” says the one with the ridiculous hair, shoving the plate at her.

“Oh hi, welcome to the neighborhood! Well my name is Nancy, um, this is my daughter Everly,” says Nancy as Everly comes running up and hands her her silk black robe. She shrugs it on quickly and Everly takes the plate,

“Ooh are these for Mommy’s birthday?”

Sometimes Nancy could choke her daughter, but she’s too adorable,

with her brown curly hair, pulled up in a scrunchie just like Nancy's, blue eyes wide as she peels back the tinfoil,

"Ooh mommy, muffins! Can I have one for breakfast?"
"Sure baby, go sit at the counter, um, do you guys want to come in for a cup of coffee?" She offers.

"Sure," Says Steve, grabbing Jonathan's arm and tugging him in.

"It's really your birthday?" asks Jonathan, following her to the kitchen.

"It really is."

"How old are you?" asks Steve.

Jonathan whacks Steve upside the head,

"You don't ask a woman how old she is."

Nancy laughs and starts brewing a pot of coffee,

"Twenty six. Plus a couple years," she winks, turning to put the cake in the oven.

She sets the timer and grabs three mugs, setting them near the coffee pot. She grabs the creamer out of the fridge and some sugar and sets it all on the breakfast bar. Everly had of course sat in the middle seat, so Steve and Jonathan are on either side of her.

"Are the muffins good?" asks Steve.

"They're delicious!" says Everly, mouth full of muffin.

"Everly," Nancy warns.

"Sorry mama!" she chirps, mouth still full.

Nancy sighs and Steve laughs,

"Jonathan made them. He's a good cook, huh?"

"Yes, you're a good cook!" Says Everly looking up at him, "You could

make mommy dinner for her birthday," she suggests, licking her lips.

"Everly Marie, what has gotten into you today? It's too early for this," mumbles Nancy, embarrassed. It's probably her own fault, Everly wasn't around other people a lot, especially men.

"Well I don't know if we could do dinner, but maybe you could show us around. A bar or something?"

Nancy laughs,
"Do I look like I frequent bars?"

"You look like you'd look good in bar attire," says Steve.

Nancy looks up at him at that, but he's casually drinking coffee and she thinks maybe she'd imagined it. To her it sounded like flirting but that was ridiculous, for many reasons. Reason number one sitting at the other end of her coffee bar.

"I don't think, I don't even have a babysitter," says Nancy, grabbing a blueberry muffin to distract herself.

"You could ask Uncle Mike and Auntie El!" Says Everly excited.

"Everly, shut up," hisses Nancy desperately.

Steve laughs and Jonathan slaps the back of his head, which makes Evie laugh. Nancy takes a bite of the muffin to avoid having to answer and fights back a moan. The muffin is damn delicious.

"You made these?" She asks, looking over at Jonathan.

He nods and she swallows, "These are like the best things I've ever eaten."

He shakes his head and his cheeks turn pink, "No, not really, they're just,"

"Shush!" says Steve, "My Jonathan is a chef."

"You are?!"

“I mean I cook but,”

Steve rolls his eyes,
“We moved here for the head chef position, at Marcelli’s. You heard of it?”

“Heard of it. That’s the best restaurant in town!”

Steve smiles and Jonathan all but shrinks into his chair,
“Is it? Good to know. Johnny boy’s about to make it even better.”

Jonathan clears his throat, clearly uncomfortable with all the compliments. Nancy can take a hint,

“What do you do?” she asks Steve.

“Darling, I stand around and look pretty.”

She snorts out a laugh, even though she doesn’t think he’s kidding.

“I want that to be my job!” says Evie.

“Me too,” says Nancy.

“What do you do?”

“I’m a receptionist at Benton Elementary, but I recently applied for a teaching position at the high school.”

“Hottest teacher I’ve ever seen,” says Steve.

Jonathan whacks the back of Steve’s head and before Nancy can even process that statement, the buzzer for the oven goes off and her doorbell rings. Evie immediately jumps down and wants to help take the cake out of the oven, and Nancy drops her half eaten muffin on the counter, unsure of what to do first. Steve decides for her,

“I can grab the door if-” he jerks his head towards the front of the house and she nods, grabbing the oven mitt from the drawer.

“Jesus Christ I haven’t gotten this much action in months,” she mutters what she thinks is quietly but she hears Jonathan laughing as

Evie pulls open the oven door. She is just pulling out the pan when she hears a thrill laugh, “Oh fuck me,” she says, two seconds before she realizes she’s burning the shit out of her wrist. “Shit! Fuck!” she shouts, jumping back.

“Mommy!” Everly shouts, “What the hell is wrong with you?!” she says, “You owe the jar $3!”

Suddenly Jonathan is moving Evie back, he sets her on the counter in one fluid motion, helps Nancy set the pan on the cooling rack and shuts the oven. He takes the oven mitt off her hand and stares at her wrist which is literally already blistering. It’s an angry red and he gently pulls her over to the sink, turning on some lukewarm water. Eventually he moves her wrist under the water and even though she’s watching him, she hisses and jerks as it hits it,

“I’m sorry,” he says softly, his large hand resting on her left hip to steady her.

He smells delicious, woodsy and masculine and strong. Something she hasn’t smelled in forever. She’s hyper aware of his large, warm, solid hand on her hip, and she can feel it through her thin t-shirt. Finally he pulls her arm back and shuts off the sink,

“Do you have a first aid kit?” He asks.

She looks up at him, his hair is in his eyes and his eyelashes are unfairly long. He licks his bottom lip and she nods,

“Yes, um, I can go get it,” she says, moving away.

At that moment her mother and Steve walk in,

“Nancy darling- oh my god there’s two,” Karen says.

Nancy tries to take a deep calming breath, because it’s not good to start age 30 in the hospital for a heart attack. Of all the fucking days. There’s her mother, blonde hair perfectly feathered, makeup perfectly done with her signature maroon lipstick. She’s wearing a tight black v-neck tunic that shows off way too much cleavage for her age, leopard print leggings and knee high leather, high heeled boots. Oh and holding her Coach purse. Steve is next to her, carrying a cake

stand, and a few bags.

“A Ménage à trois? How risque.”

Steve laughs and Nancy can’t bear to turn around and look at Jonathan.

“Mom! For the love of god-”

Karen cuts her off, heading to the cupboard. She pulls out three glasses, and gestures for Steve to come closer, and takes one of the bags from him. She pulls out a large bottle of wine and Nancy sighs,

“Mother,”

“Don’t mother me, it’s not every day a girl turns,” she looks at both the men, “twenty five.”

Steve grins widely and Nancy feels the need to flip him off even though they’d just met, and he smiles and winks at her like he knows this.

“You know what, Evie and I need to get dressed,” She says, grabbing up her daughter. She needs to take a Xanax.

“Well we’re starting without you,” she says, handing the bottle of wine to Jonathan, “be a dear and open this for me, what’s your name sweetheart?”

“I’m Jonathan ma’am.”

“Oh my god, don’t call me ma’am, I’m Karen.”

“Nice to meet you.”

Nancy rushes upstairs, and feels a bit like hiding in her room.

“Mommy, Mimi is really crazy, huh?”

“She is, princess,” says Nancy, “Go get dressed for me?”

“In our matching outfits?” Evie asks, eyes wide.

“Shit,” Nancy mumbles. She’d forgotten.

“Mommy! $4!”

“Ok, ok, sorry honey. Yes, of course we can wear our matching dresses.”

The thing is that the dresses are actually cute. It’s a white halter dress that gives Nancy amazing cleavage and has purple flowers on it. It has a cinched waist and flares out a tiny bit at the hips. They’d also gotten matching purple headbands with bows. Nancy is a dork. She dresses quickly, applies deodorant and more perfume than usual. She tries to make her hair look halfway decent and wavy which takes about half her can of dry shampoo and then slides the headband in.

She does her makeup heavier than usual, with a champagne eyeshadow and a light purple crease color. She applies eyeliner and mascara, fills in her brows and applies blush and highlighter. She uses a mauve lipstick and puts in tiny hoop earrings and when Evie comes in for help with her headband, she claps her hands,
“Omg mommy you look like a princess!”

Nancy laughs and unbraids her daughters hair, gently brushing out the waves with her fingers, and putting in her headband,

“So do you pretty girl. Should we go back downstairs?”

“Yeah!”

When Nancy comes down, they’ve moved to the living room. Her mom and Steve are on the couch, and Jonathan is in one of the armchairs. Jonathan spots them first, and smiles widely at their matching outfits. That makes Steve and her mom turn and Steve mumbles,

“Holy shit.”

Karen laughs and turns to her,
“She’s pretty isn’t she?”

“Beautiful,” Steve mumbles, taking a drink of his wine.

“Sit darling,” says Karen, handing her a cup.

Nancy takes a long pull and Karen laughs. Evie runs over to sit on the edge of Jonathan’s seat and he smiles,

“Hey Evie, I like your dress.”

“Thank you. My mama and I are matching.”

“You both look beautiful.”

“Mommy says she’d rather be called smart.”

Jonathan laughs loudly and her mom rolls her eyes,

“Nancy, really?” Her mom asks.

“I think it’s wonderful,” says Jonathan.

Nancy smiles and takes a sip of her wine.

“Nancy darling, I hear you’re cancelling our dinner.”

“What? Why?”

“These lovely gentleman have invited you for a night on the town.”

Nancy sighs,

“Mom, I can’t.”

“Why ever not?” she asks.

“Who will watch Evie? I have no clothes, I don’t think-”

“I can watch Everly!” She says.

Nancy opens her mouth to protest,

“Don’t worry your brother will be there.”

Steve tries to swallow a snort, and takes another gulp of wine when Nancy glares at him.

“And we will go shopping today. I’ll treat you to lunch instead of dinner. You’re not getting out of this,” says Karen with a form of finality.

“Yeah Nancy,” says Steve, nudging her.

“Oh lord,” she downs her glass of wine and sits back against the couch, “Evie, I guess our lunch plans now include Mimi.”

“Yay! Will you buy me something Mimi?”

Nancy laughs at that and Karen nods,
“Of course princess.”

“Well, we really should get going,” says Jonathan, standing up.

“No! This is fun!” says Evie, yanking on his arms.

“Everly Marie, get your hands off of him, now. We do not touch people without their consent.”

Jonathan opens his mouth to presumably say it’s okay and Nancy snaps in his direction to shut him up. Nancy kneels in front of Everly who’s looking down,

“Can you look at my eyes please?”

Evie reluctantly looks up, blue eyes full of tears,

“Hey, we don’t need to cry. Mommies’ not mad, I know you’re very excited, there’s lots of things happening today. I know you’re excited to celebrate my birthday, and that we met some new friends, and that MiMi is here. However, we still need to remember the rules. We should be polite to our guests, not open the door when mommy's’ not right there, and we don’t touch people without their permission. Do you remember?”

“Yes mommy.”

“I know you do, because you’re my smart girl right?”

Everly nods, and sniffles,

“Yes mommy.”

“Good girl. Can I give you a hug?”

She shakes her head and Nancy nods,

“Okay honey, well,”

“Can you pick me up instead?”

“Of course honey, come here sweetheart,” Nancy pulls Everly into her arms and stands up.

Everly links her arms around her neck and Nancy kisses her forehead as she wraps her legs around her waist,

“Thank you mommy.”

“Of course. Now do you want to say bye to our guests?”

Everly shakes her head into Nancy’s neck and she rubs her back,

“Okay honey. Well, great to meet you guys. I guess I’ll see you later,” says Nancy.

Jonathan sheepishly waves at the two of them and Nancy nods. He heads over to Steve who waves again,

“Nice to meet you Nancy. Bye Evie! Thank you for the wine Karen.”

“Of course darling,” she hugs them each and kisses their cheeks and Nancy shows them to the door.

When she comes back, her mom is finishing her wine and Evie is sitting next to her, drinking some orange juice. Nancy’s not really ready to listen to her mother, let alone spend the day with her, and she wishes that she could have another glass of wine, but getting tipsy wouldn’t make being at the mall all day with a five year old, easier. So she plops into the armchair, ready to hear it.

“Nancy,” she sing songs.

“Mom, please don’t.”

“They are cute!”

“They are together,” she says slowly.

“That’s neither here nor there. You didn’t see the way they were looking at you.”

“Mom I don’t think,”

“Nonsense. We are going to get you a sexy outfit and you are going out with them. No excuses.”

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Nancy wakes up with a raging headache. Her mouth is dry and she’s sweating. She sits up slowly. Well, gets a headrush and lowers back down, and then sits up. She’s in just her sticky bra and underwear, currently in between Jonathan’s legs, Steve curled against her back, on her couch. She is wildly hungover and this is why she does not drink tequila, and she is fucking naked, and overweight, on Jonathan’s chest, probably about to crush him.

There was… so much alcohol. Grinding. She’s pretty sure Steve kissed her neck. She was sandwiched between them. Steve said he wanted to motorboat her tits. Holy shit. Jonathan pressed his entire body against her and cupped her ass while trying to stop a guy from hitting on her. The apologized profusely. Steve and Jonathan making out in the Uber and her watching shamelessly like that was appropriate. They came home and she’d asked one of them to unzip her dress. Not even in a sexy way. And she’d dropped it. Right there in her doorway. Leaving her in a sticky bra and underwear, belly button ring glinting in the light.

They’d stared, Steve made a lewd comment, the kept drinking. She’d asked them to strip so it was even. They sat half naked on the couch, playing twenty questions like they were teenagers. Steve passes out. Legit passes out, while Nancy and Jonathan are still eating Doritos. Jonathan was a good listener. He was sweet. Asked what happened to Evie’s father. She just says he’s long gone and has been alone ever

since. Him and Steve have been together for ten years. He's soft and warm and cuddles her like she's not crushing her ribs and for once she doesn't care, and falls asleep.

"You're panicking," says Jonathan, his arms still around her, "Don't panic."

"I'm not panicking," she says, voice high pitched because she definitely is panicking.

"Ssh, just relax," he says softer, he runs a hand through her hair, "Can I get you anything?"

"It's my house, I should be offering you something."

He smiles softly,
"I'm good Nancy. Are you good?"

She looks down at herself, crosses her arms over her chest, which only succeeds in pushing her breasts up higher and she lets out a puff of air, annoyed. Jonathan chuckles,
"What can I do to set your mind at ease?"

Before Nancy can answer, the doorbell rings, and she groans. So loud. She reaches over to the coffee table. Gropes around for her phone,

"Fuck, it's eleven thirty."

Which means her mom is here with her five year old. She's going to die. The doorbell rings again.

"Make it stop," moans Steve.

Even though Nancy wants to die, and feels three seconds away from throwing up, she scrambles off of Jonathan, and wraps herself in the throw blanket,

"Fuck, it's my mom and Evie! Get dressed! Get out! No just, fuck, okay, take your clothes and get in the bathroom, it's over there."

"They don't know we spent the night? You're an adult," says Steve, covering his eyes.

“Unless you want to be called Daddy, I suggest you get the hell up,” she says, tossing his jeans at him.

“Only when I’m balls deep,” he snarks, standing up slowly.

She turns to Jonathan,

“Is he always like this?”

“Unfortunately yes,” he says, tugging up his own jeans.

Nancy heads to the door, and yanks it open, bracing herself for the scream. Thank god it doesn’t come, only because Evie is eating a McDonald’s hash brown,

“Hi Mommy,”

“Hi baby girl.”

“Are you naked?”

Nancy kicks her dress out of the way,

“No, um,”

Karen is grinning widely,

“I brought food.”

“Oh thank god,” says Steve, coming out of the living room, running a hand through his hair.

Karen smiles wider if possible, and Jonathan stalks out behind him,

“Not for you.”

“I figured you two would be over, I have enough for everyone.”

“Score,” says Steve.

“Mommy you had a sleepover without me?” Everly screeches as they head to the kitchen.

“Ah,” Nancy says with a wince, “there it is.”

It’s awkward. Steve’s wolfed down two sausage mcmuffins, Nancy’s picking at a mcgriddle, Jonathan’s eating a hash brown and Everly is eating her own sandwich. And her mother, is standing against the counter, the biggest, I told you so, smirk on her face. Finally, Nancy can’t take it anymore,

“I’m going to shower. I’ll um, see you guys later,” she says, like a coward.

“Damn, just gonna kick us out then?” Steve asks.

Karen laughs and Nancy wants to kick him. Jonathan nudges him a bit hard, and Nancy just walks out of the kitchen, face flaming. Before she makes it to the stairs, Jonathan is there,

“Hey, can we talk for a sec?” he asks, pushing his hand through his hair.

“What’s up?”

He rocks back and forth on his feet,

“I’m really sorry if we did anything to make you uncomfortable last night.”

“No, no, that’s not it,” says Nancy, because it’s really really not. She makes herself uncomfortable.

“Look, um, we’re poly. And we’re interested in you. We can give you time to think about it of course, but we’d love to go on a date. If not, I hope we can still be friends.”

Nancy stares at him. Poly? As in polyamorous? A date? With both of them?

“I, I, I” she starts each sentence a bit differently and falters every single time. She doesn’t know what to say.

“Go get in the shower, we’ll talk later.”

She nods, and heads upstairs. She sheds the blanket and peels the sticky bra off in the comfort of her own bathroom as the room fills with steam. Her makeup is fucked, she has morning hair and morning breath. She pushes her panties down her legs. Stares at herself in the mirror. She looks away quickly and steps into the shower, letting the hot water cascade over her. Despite all of that. Despite everything, they'd wanted her. She doesn't know what to do with that.

Author's Note:

> Nancy has an eating disorder and lots of emotional issues. It's implied she was sexually abused in someway, and I may revisit that later.